CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.

10c

NOV. 4 No. 32

MASTER COMICS

CAPT. MARVEL JR.
STRIKES AT
TERROR CASTLE

LOOK OUT!
HE'S COMING
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS OWN COMICS MAGAZINE
1. SEE THE SHADOW THAT WALKED
2. HEAR WINGS OVER DAZAGGAR
3. MEET THE DEATH MAKER
4. LAUGH AT THE CRACKED SAFECRACKER
ALL IN CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
68 THRILLING PAGES - GET IT OCT 6
10¢

MASTER COMICS

•

ELEANOR R. ROOSEVELT
President of the Girl Scouts
General [illegible] Center New York

REAR ADMIRAL
RICHARD E. BYRD
Noted Explorer [illegible] and Author

ALLAN ROY DAFOE, M.D.
The famous Quintuplets Doctor

The Rev.
JOHN W. TYNAN, S. J.
Fordham University Faculty

•

[illegible] high standards of wholesome entertainment [illegible] our comics publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

Fawcett Publications, Inc. is happy to have the cooperation of these advisors whose names are known [illegible] child. I am sure that our readers [illegible] of Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd, Dr. Dafoe and Father Tynan [illegible] magazines.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

PLUS—

BULLETMAN — And the Dangerous Letter 17
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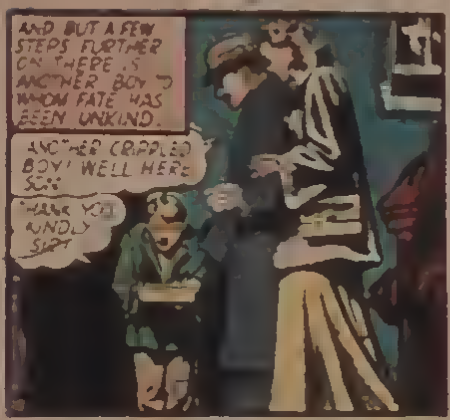
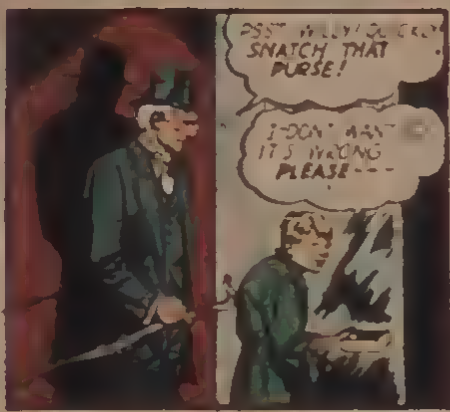
CAPT. MARVEL JR.

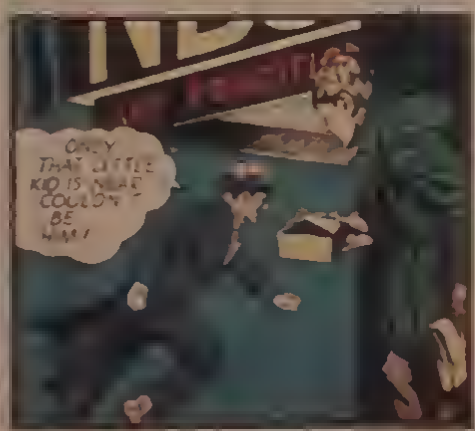

AND BUT A FEW STEPS FURTHER ON THERE IS ANOTHER BOY TO WHOM FATE HAS BEEN UNKIND.
ANOTHER CRIPPLED BOY! WELL HERE SON!
THANK YOU KINDLY SIR!

LOOKA DAT RICH DAME'S PURSE, OR KROOL! WOTTA HAUL!
YOU'RE RIGHT PROFESSOR, SNYPE. ONE HAUL LIKE THAT AND THE WHOLE EVENING IS WELL SPENT

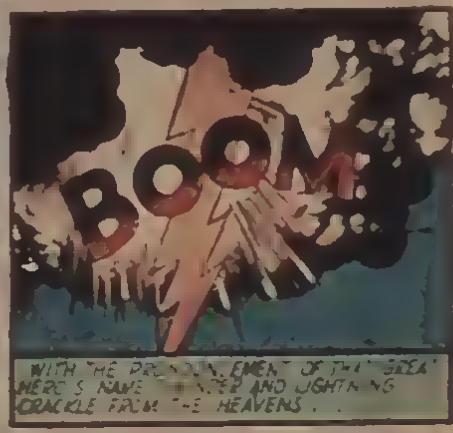

PSST WILLY! QUICK! SNATCH THAT PURSE!
I DON'T WANT IT. IT'S WRONG PLEASE---

WRETCHED BRAT! OBEY ME!
PLEASE

WHAT'S THE MATTER DEAR?
MY PURSE! IT'S GONE -- SOMEONE GRABBED IT!

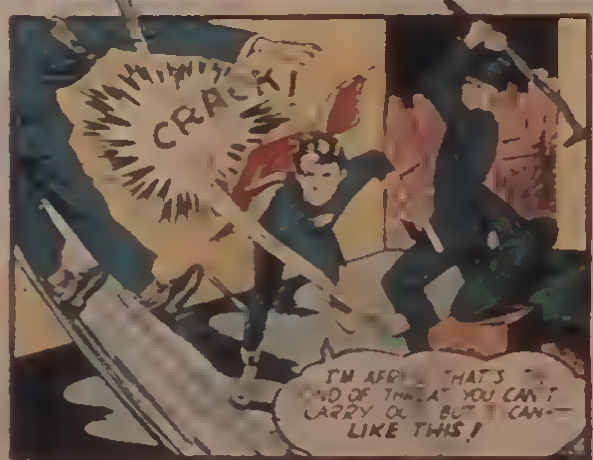

ONLY THAT LITTLE KID IS NEAR COULDN'T BE HIM!

CAPTAIN MARVEL!


BOOM
WITH THE PRONOUNCEMENT OF THAT GREAT HERO'S NAME THUNDER AND LIGHTNING CRACKLE FROM THE HEAVENS . . .

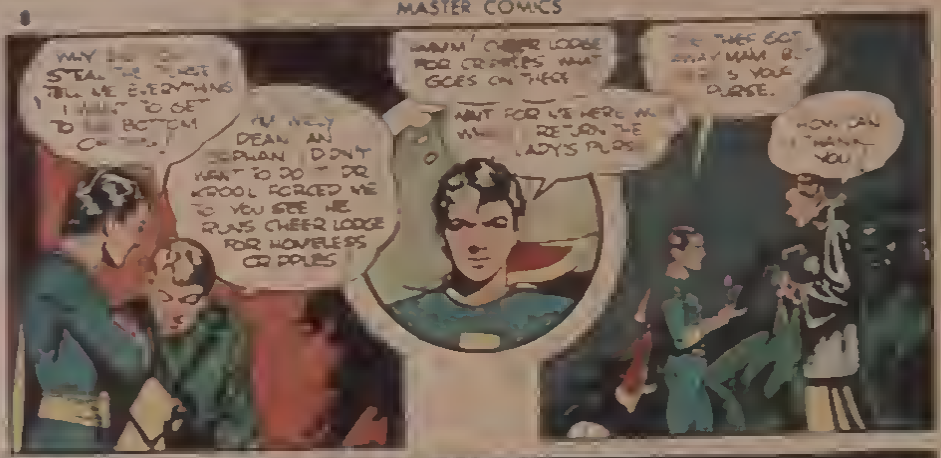
CAPTAIN MARVEL JUNIOR!

I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THIS NOW PAL!
HEY! GIVE DAT BACK YOU OR I'LL BUST YER TEETH LOOSE!


CRACK!
I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE END OF THREAT YOU CAN'T CARRY OUT BUT I CAN— LIKE THIS!

BOM!
BRAINLESS YOUTH! YOU NEED A BROKEN HEAD!

BUT IT IS IN MOMENTS SUCH AS THESE THAT CAPT MARVEL JR. EARNS HIS NAME AS THE WORLD'S MOST SENSATIONAL BOY!


WHY DO YOU STEAL THE PURSE? TELL ME EVERYTHING I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
MY NAME DEAN AN ORPHAN I DON'T WANT TO DO IT DR. KROOL FORCED ME TO YOU SEE HE RUNS CHEER LODGE FOR HOMELESS CRIPPLES
WAIT! CHEER LODGE FOR CRIPPLES WHAT GOES ON THERE
WAIT FOR ME HERE WHEN I RETURN THE LADY'S PURSE
THE THIEF GOT AWAY MAM BUT HERE'S YOUR PURSE.
HOW CAN I THANK YOU!

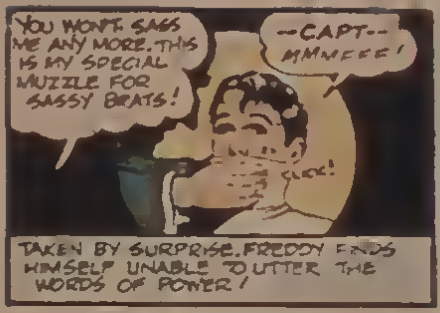
WITH A TERRIFIC BURST OF SPEED CAPT. MARVEL JR. ZOOMS OUT OF THE CITY CARRYING HIS HELPLESS BURDEN TO THE COUNTRY SIDE... WHERE AN OLD GLOOMY MANSION FACES DISMAL SWAMPLAND.
IS THAT CHEER LODGE? IT LOOKS ANYTHING BUT CHEERFUL!!
IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW HORRIBLE IT IS LIVING IN THERE! BUT ITS THE ONLY HOME I HAVE. GOODBYE
WAIT! I'M GOING IN WITH YOU
NO, YOU MUSTN'T GO AWAY AND DON'T COME BACK.. FOR YOUR OWN GOOD ITS HORRIBLE! TELL YOU!

HORRIBLE IS IT? THEN I'LL TEAR THE PLACE APART AND NO WAIT! I HAVE A BETTER IDEA--AS FREDDIE FREEMAN, I'M CRIPPLED TOO ILL GET IN THAT WAY WITHOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL!
PLEASE SIR MAY I COME TO LIVE HERE? I HAVE NO HOME---
WELCOME MY BOY! THE PROFESSOR WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR BED WITH THE OTHERS. TOMORROW WE CAN BE START WITH YOU
HA ANOTHER RECRUIT HOW TRUSTINGLY THEY COME IN. AND HOW SOON THEY LEARN WHAT CHEER LODGE REALLY IS HEH HEH!
EVER LESS DESERVED AS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT BROKEN SOBS SOUND ALL AROUND
THOSE POOR LAME KIDS-- CRYING THEMSELVES TO SLEEP
SOB! SNIFF! SOB!
DAWN CREEPS BLEAKLY INTO CHEER LODGE AND OVER ITS MEAL TABLE ---

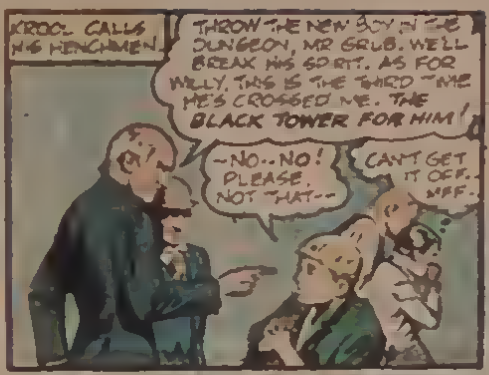
FREDDY FREEMAN FINDS HIMSELF SEATED NEXT TO WILLY DEANE
IS THIS ALL WE GET TO EAT THIS LITTLE BIT OF PORRIDGE
SO
WELL, SPEAK UP! WHAT IS IT
PLEASE SIR MAY I HAVE MORE
HE WANTS MORE, BOSS CAN YOU BEAT IT? I'LL SHOW DA LITTLE PIPSQUEAK.
NO! MR GRUB.
BECAUSE I'LL SHOW HIM MYSELF
BUT YOU MAY KICK HIM IF YOU LIKE, MR. GRUB.
BOY! DAT I WILL, WIT' PLEASURE
BUT ONCE AGAIN THE MAGIC WORD IS UTTERED SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM AND—
BOOM!
YIKE!
WUK!

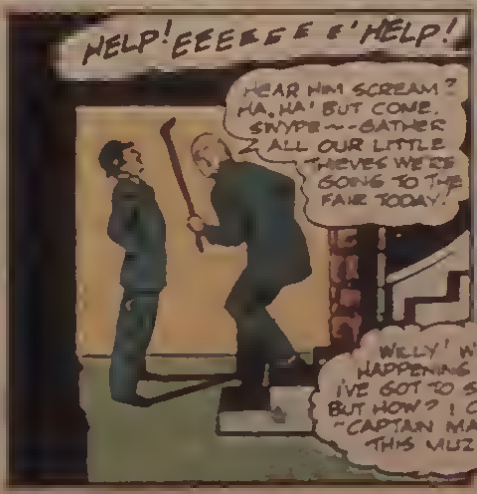
MEANWHILE DR KROOL SNATCHES UP A MACHINE-GUN.
MACHINE-GUN.
NO GOOD BOSS
ALL RIGHT THEN I'LL MOW THE KIDS DOWN
NOW SNOOPER EITHER YOU LEAVE OR ALL THESE KIDS...
GO
BUT I'LL BE BACK AND I'LL SEE YOU IN JAIL DR KROOL!
HA! YOU CAN'T PUT ME IN JAIL I HAVE LEGAL DOCUMENTS GIVING ME CUSTODY OF THESE CRIPPLES IN WITHIN THE LAW!
HMMM! LEGAL DOCUMENTS. I'LL HAVE TO GET THEM... AS FREDDY FREEMAN CAPTAIN MARVEL.
AND SO FREDDY FREEMAN JOINS THE LAME UNFORTUNATES AGAIN, AS THEY ARE HERDED TO CLASS
YOU'RE THE NEW BOY, EH? GO TO YOUR FIRST CLASS, UNDER PROFESSOR SWYPE.
YES SIR!

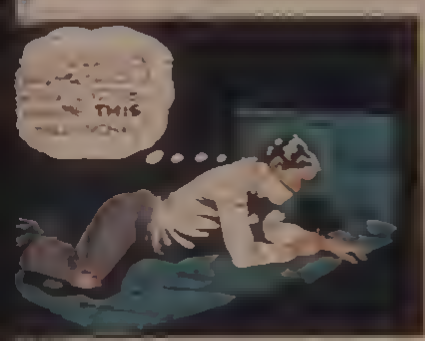
"CLASS" BEGINS
YA CLUMSY DUPE THATS NOT THE WAY TO SLIP A WALLET OUT OF A POCKET!
"LESSON" TWO
WHINE! WHINE! I TELL YA YA GOTTA LEARN TO DO DIS BEGGIN' RIGHT, SEE?
A POOR HELPLESS CRIPPLE---
I SEE ALL THESE LAME KIDS ARE BEING FORCED INTO A LIFE OF CRIME AND MISERY THATS DR KROOLS GAME! CHEER LODGE MUST BE SMASHED!
-- AFTER CLASS FREDDY HAILS WILLY DEANE --
--- BUT FIRST --
OH, WILLY! WAIT UP FOR ME
WHERE DOES DR KROOL KEEP THOSE LEGAL DOCUMENTS?
IN HIS OFFICE COME ON I'LL SHOW YOU.
IN THAT SAFE!
--- NOT KNOWING THE COMBINATION I'LL CALL ON MY OTHER SELF...
-- CAPTAIN MAR-ULP!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SNOOPER?
COOKING YOUR GOOSE, YOU MONSTER!



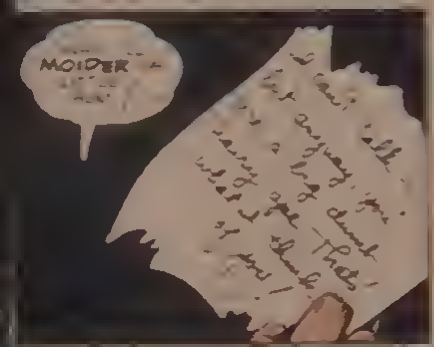
TAKEN BY SURPRISE, FREDDY FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO UTTER THE WORDS OF POWER!





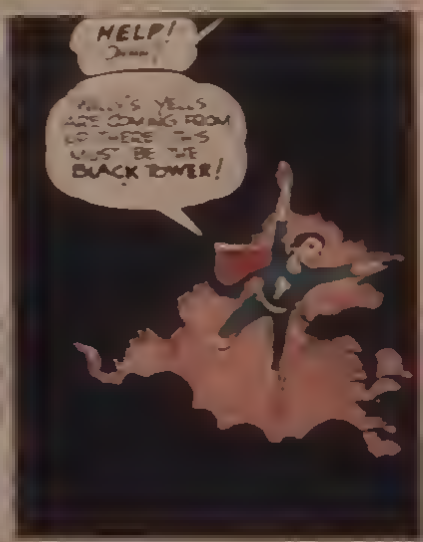

THIS

M-M F F-F
BROKE


MOIDER

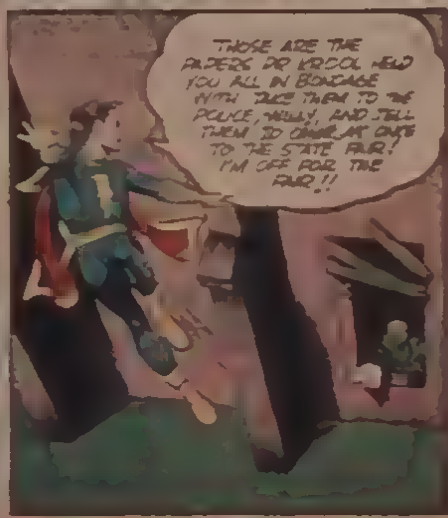
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

SOCK!


HELP!
BLACK TOWER!

AND THEN LIKE A BLUE BULLET, CAPT. MARVEL JR. SWOOPS BELOW TO CATCH FALLING WILLY DEANE.

CAPT. MARVEL JR. [illegible] ONE [illegible] OFFICE...



MEANWHILE AT THE STATE FAIR PROMETH FIGURES WATCH OTHER CHILDREN ENJOYING THEMSELVES
GOSH! IF WE COULD ONLY GO ON THOSE RIDES AND HAVE FUN!

BEHIND A TENT...
ONE OF OUR BOYS WAS CAUGHT BUT NO MATTER.
LOOK! OUR HAUL FOR TODAY IS A FORTUNE!

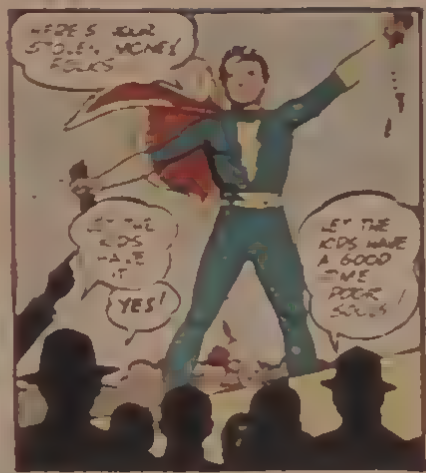
COUNTING YOUR CHICKENS, GENTLEMEN!
WHAT THE...
HA!..!.. AH..

POW!!!
HA! THEN LET ME HELP YOU!

SOCK!
AND HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU, BUM!

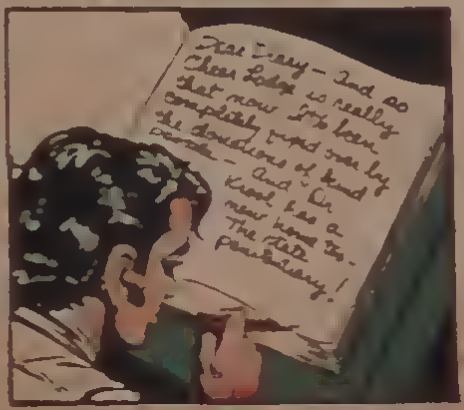
DON'T CREEP TOO FAR, GROOL, THE POLICE WANT YOU AND YOUR SLAP-HAPPY PAL HERE, PRETTY BAD.
GULP! A... NO SIR! NO SIR

CAPT. MARVEL JR. TELLS THE STORY TO THE POLICE
THE LEGAL PAPERS ARE AT HEADQUARTERS, READY TO BE CANCELLED.


YES!
LET THE KIDS HAVE A GOOD TIME POOR SOULS!

AND LATER ON THE HIGH RIDES, AND EVERY WHERE THAT THERE IS JOY TO BE HAD...
WOOPEEE!
WHAT FUN!
YIPPEE!
THEY WERE JUST STARVED FOR FUN POOR KIDS! IT'S AN AWFULLY TOUGH LIFE BEING CRIPPLED...

... OUGHT TO KNOW


Dear Diary — And so Cheer Lodge is really that now. It's been completely fixed over by the donations of kind people — And Dr. Krool has a new home to — The state penitentiary!

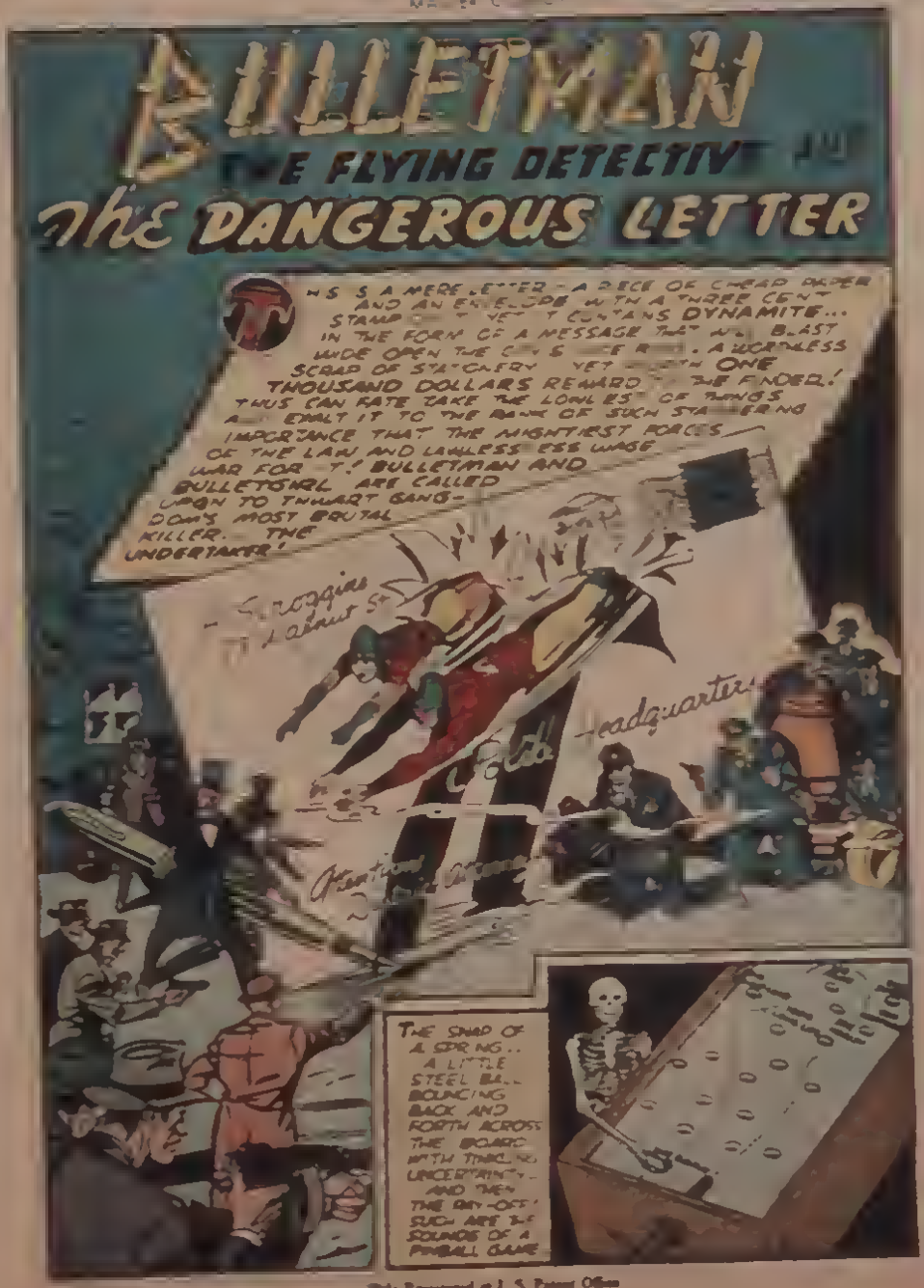
GIANT "PASTE THE AXIS" CONTEST

A different, thrilling new kind of contest! Everybody will get a big kick out of it—and wonderful prizes in U. S. WAR BONDS and STAMPS will be sent to the lucky winners!

Now in CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

BULLETMAN
THE FLYING DETECTIVE
The DANGEROUS LETTER



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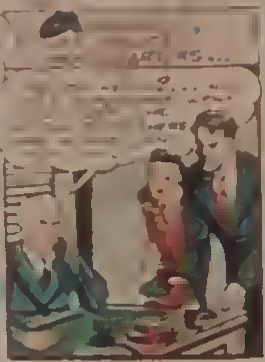
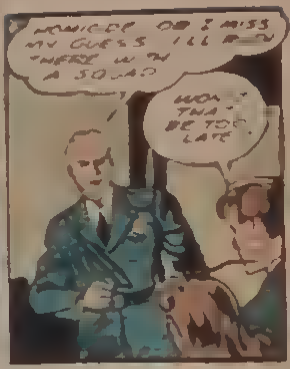
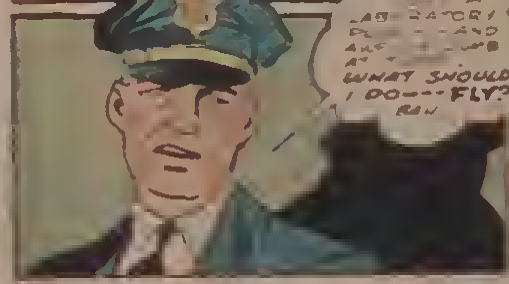
THE GRAVE!
YOU? YO MEAN US:
EXPOSE YOU
CERTAIN PARTY...
CERTAIN PARTY
HEADQUARTERS TOMORROW MORNING!

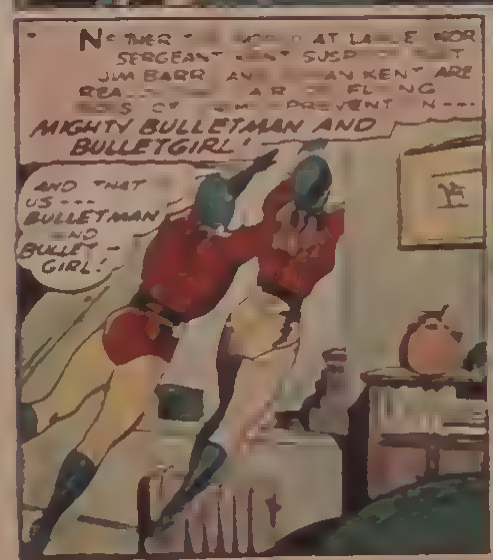
A PHONE CALL....
YES? SERGEANT KENT SPEAKING
MY NAME IS SCROGGINS
IT'S TOO IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU OVER THE PHONE.
STRANGE, SOMBER FIGURE STANDS IN THE DOOR.
I'M THE UNDERTAKER!
UNDERTAKER? THIS MUST BE A MISTAKE!
OH YES YOU ARE, MY GOOD MAN!
I'M JUST A POOR OLD UNDERTAKER LOOKING FOR
PEACE BE WITH YOU, SCROGGINS!
HEH! HEH!
YOU KILL ME UNDERTAKER HA, HA
GASP
A LETTER
GKAAAAAA!

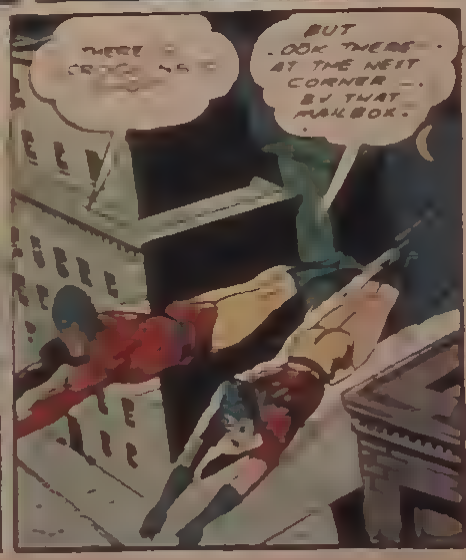


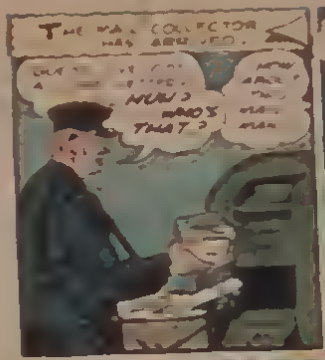

HOMICIDE OR I MISS MY GUESS I'LL BE THERE WITH A SQUAD
WOW! THAT'LL BE TOO LATE

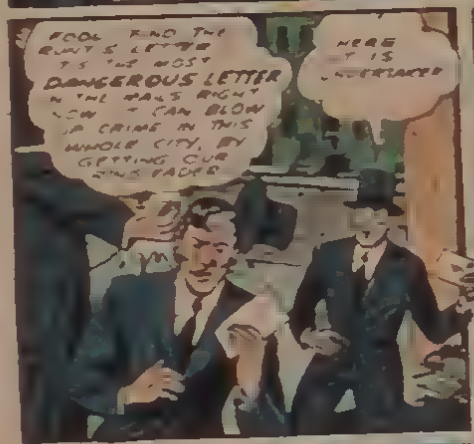

WHAT SHOULD I DO--- FLY? RUN

FLY


MIGHTY BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!
AND THAT US--- BULLETMAN AND BULLET-GIRL!


BUT LOOK THERE AT THE NEXT CORNER --. BY THAT MAILBOX.


THE MAIL COLLECTOR HAS ARRIVED.
HUH? WHO'S THAT?


DANGEROUS LETTER
CRIME IN THIS WHOLE CITY, BY GETTING OUR

BULLETMAN HAS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE, LIKE A SWOOPING EAGLE
UGH!
SPECIAL DELIVERY

AND AIR MAIL FOR YOU .. FROM BULLETGIRL!

THE LETTER? WHERE'S THAT LETTER?
LOOK!

STRANGE ARE THE WORKINGS OF FATE: THE DANGEROUS LETTER DANCES ON [illegible] ON, LIKE A BIT [illegible] IMPORTANT FLUFF ...

[illegible] MON, BULLET-[illegible] AFTER THAT LETTER! SERGEANT KENT WILL PICK UP THE UNDERTAKER AND HIS PALS!

.... AND ELUDES EVEN THE SWIFT, FLYING PURSUERS!

WHERE DID IT BLOW TO?

TRY THIS WAY!

MEANWHILE, SERGEANT KENT AND HIS SQUAD ROAR TO THE SCENE WITH SCREAMING SIREN!

[illegible] THAT THE GETAWAY CAR OF SCROGGINS' KILLERS!

NO, JUST A HEARSE LET IT GO BY, MIKE!

BUT WITHIN THE HEARSE —

STUPID POLICE! [illegible] THE UNDERTAKER [illegible]

BUT, BOSS! WE AIN'T GOT THE LETTER!

WE'LL GET IT! WE'LL GET IT IF WE HAVE TO FILL EVERY CEMETERY TO OVERFLOWING! MISTER Z KNOWS THAT'S MY BUSINESS! HA, HA!

RETURNING FROM THE FRUITLESS CHASE, BULLETMAN COMPARES NOTES WITH SERGEANT KENT.

HOW IN THUNDER DID THEY GET AWAY? NO CAR PASSED US, EXCEPT A HEARSE ...

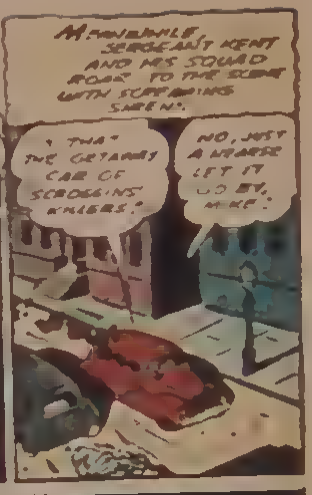
HEARSE? THAT'S IT! THE UNDERTAKER GAVE US THE SLIP!

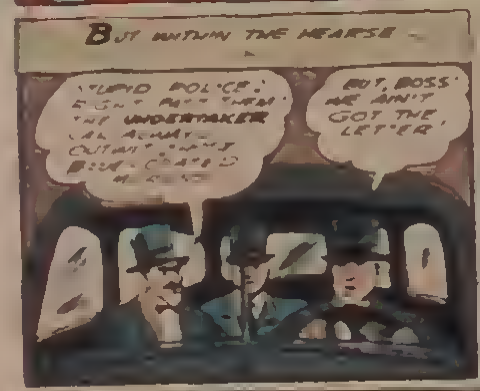
AND WE DIDN'T GET THE LETTER, EITHER!

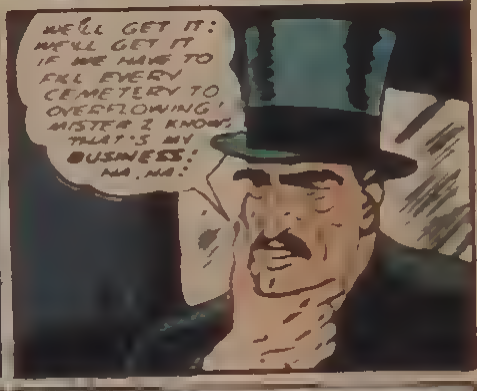
BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, SERGEANT KENT IS REPRIMANDED BY THE CITY VICE COMMISSIONER, JONAS LANE.

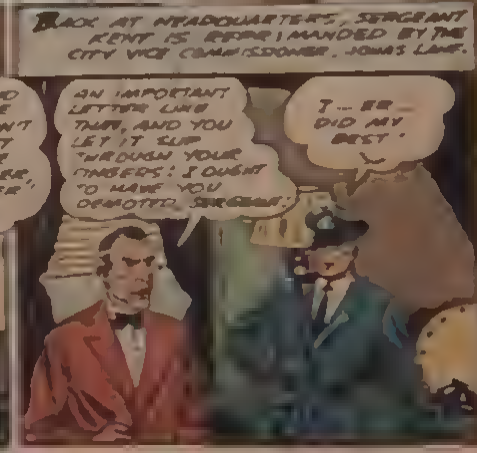
AN IMPORTANT LETTER LIKE THAT, AND YOU LET IT SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS! I OUGHT TO HAVE YOU DEMOTED, SERGEANT!

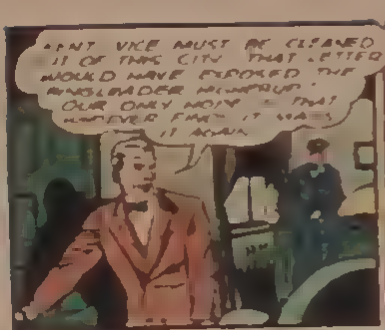
I — ER — DID MY BEST!

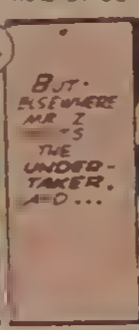




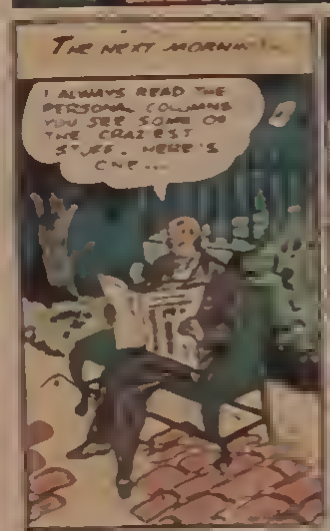


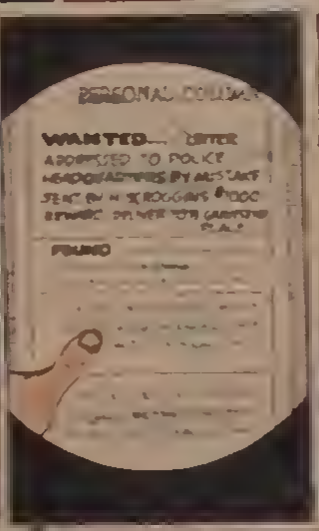



VICE MUST BE CLEANED
OF THIS CITY. THAT LETTER
WOULD HAVE EXPOSED THE
MASTER MINDED
OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT
WHOEVER FOUND IT WAS
IT ALREADY

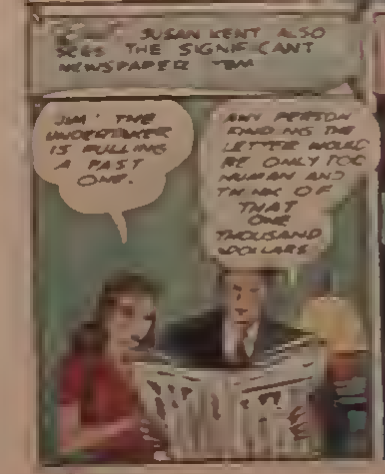

BUT ELSEWHERE MR. Z IS THE UNDERTAKER. AND...

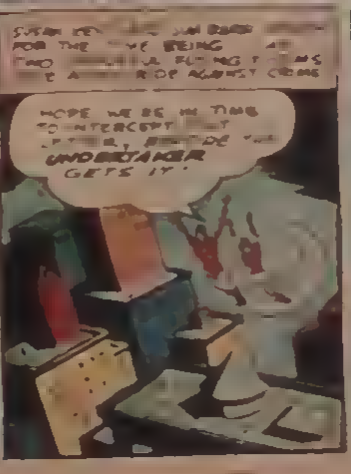
IT WEEPS FOR BULLS MAN, MR.
RAN WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT LETTER AHEAD OF THE POLICE..
I HAVE IT!

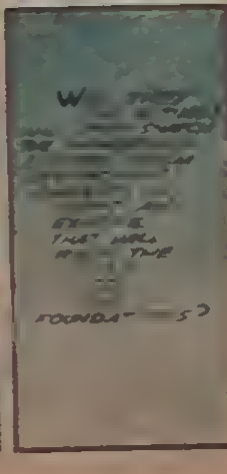

THE NEXT MORNING...
I ALWAYS READ THE PERSONAL COLUMNS YOU SEE SOME OF THE CRAZIEST STUFF. HERE'S ONE...


PERSONAL COLUMN
WANTED... LETTER ADDRESSED TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS BY MISTAKE
FRANKO

WHO WOULD PAY A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A PIECE OF PAPER?.. WHAT'S THIS? WHY IT'S THAT LETTER!

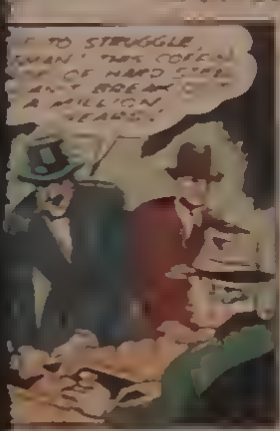

SUSAN KENT ALSO SEES THE SIGNIFICANT NEWSPAPER ITEM
JIM! THE UNDERTAKER IS PULLING A PAST ONE.
ANY PERSON FINDING THE LETTER WOULD BE ONLY TOO HUMAN AND THINK OF THAT ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

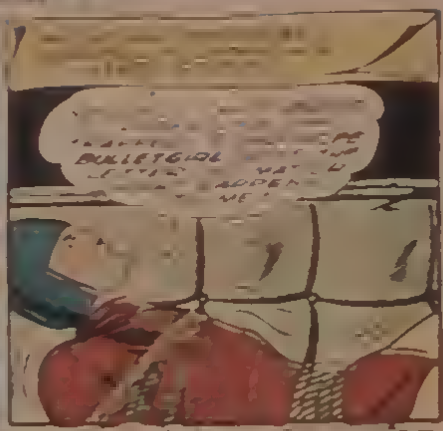

HOPE WE BE IN TIME TO INTERCEPT THE UNDERTAKER GETS IT!



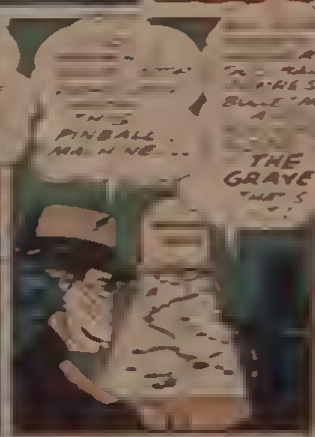
EVEN NOW A MAN ARR
WOULD HAVE
WHO GRABBED MY WRIST
BULLETMAN
UNDERTAKER!
BULLET-GIRL!
YOU'RE AMATEURS!
UGH!
YOU'LL WHAT?... TALL, DARK, AND SCATTER-BRAINED!

MEANWHILE, STRUGGLING WITH BULLETMAN, MR Z DESPERATELY FLINGS THE LETTER AWAY.
NO YOU WON'T! NOT IF I CAN HELP IT. AHHHHHH!
AND THE DANGEROUS LETTER IS SPEEDILY CARRIED FROM THE SCENE ON THE RUNNING BOARD OF A PASSING CAR
DON'T LET THAT CAR OUT OF YOUR SIGHT BULLETMAN! GET THE LETTER.
MY WAY!
FUNERAL PARLOR
BUT WITHIN, BULLETMAN FINDS ONLY THE MUSTY ATMOSPHERE OF A FUNERAL PARLOR, GLOOMY AND DESERTED!
WHERE DID THEY HIDE?
NOT EMPTY ANY MORE, BULLETMAN! YOU'RE GOING TO FILL IT, HA HA!
WHA' ---??!!


TO STRUGGLE,
THAN THIS COFFIN
OF HARD STEEL
A MILLION
YEARS!


BULLETGIRL

THAT


PINBALL
THE
GRAVE!

WHAT YOU MEAN
BEFORE
MISSED

LOCKED

SOON

And

THE FUNERAL OF BULLETMAN!

BULLETMAN'S

GOSH! I CAN'T

BUT WHERE'S BULLETGIRL?

Yes.

BULLETGIRL

WAIT!

BULLETGIRL SWOOPS DOWN. CAUGHT BY A HEART-STOPPING SIGN ON THE CASKET BELOW.

HERE LIES BULLETMAN!

CAN'T

BULLETGIRL!

BULLETGIRL

YOUR COFFIN, MY DEAR

DANGEROUS LETTER!

BUT BULLETGIRL'S PROTRUDING HAND HAS PREVENTED THE LID FROM BEING SHUT TIGHT!
OOF!
BULLETMAN THIS
B-B-BULLETMAN!
REALLY
UNDER-TAKER
GULP! WHAT'S COMING
FORGOT TO BURY, UNDERTAKER!

BULLETMAN!
THE ONLY FLYING DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD
NOW APPEARING EVERY MONTH IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE!
BULLETMAN COMICS! with BULLETGIRL—
10¢ ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Capt. MARVEL
PLUS
IBIS THE INVINCIBLE
COL PORTERHOUSE
GOLDEN ARROW
and SPY SMASHER !!
I SHALL INFURIATE THEM.... GOAD THEM TO FIGHTING FRENZY!!
IBIS
GOLDEN ARROW
COL PORTERHOUSE
YOU WOULDN'T FOOL ME WOULD YOU?
SPY SMASHER
ALL IN
WHIZ COMICS
EVERY MONTH
GET YOUR COPY NOW
AND THRILL TO
THESE GREAT HEROES
ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!
10¢ WHIZ COMICS! 10¢

MINUTE MAN

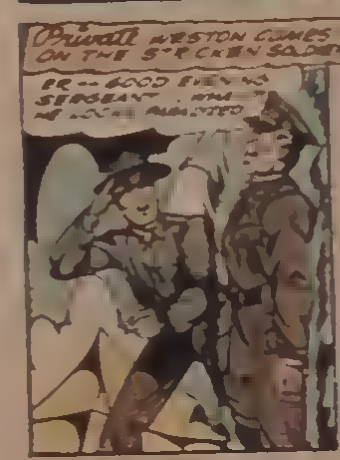
THE ONE MAN ARMY

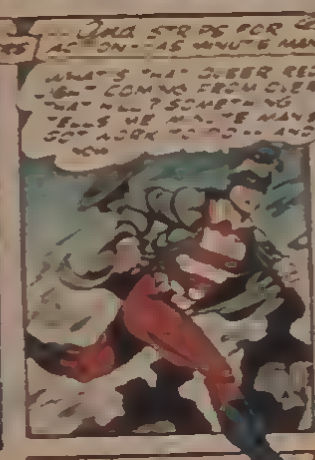
SAY ATTACK
OUCH!
THE RAY STRIKES

CAPTAIN -- OUR OLD FRIEND THE SERGEANT --
HEY, YOU MUST SALUTE THE SERGEANT -- EH --

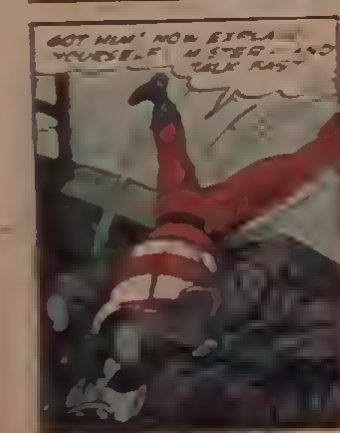
UNCLE SAM'S THE WAY STRIKES
" FEEL-IN' LIKE A STATUE HELP!

AIN'T IT WORKS PERFECT. WOONNA CAN SPARK A STORM WITH ME ?

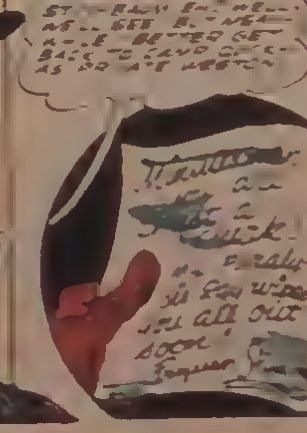

OVERWALL WESTON COMES ON THE STRICKEN SOLDIERS
ER -- GOOD EVENING SERGEANT. WHAT'S HE LOOKING FOR?


-- OLD STRIDES FOR ACTION -- AS MINUTE MAN
WHAT'S THAT SOBER RED -- COMING FROM OVER THAT HILL? SOMETHING TELLS ME MINUTE MAN'S GOT WORK TO DO -- AND NOW

A SHORT WHILE LATER
MIN'A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER -- BEN NO A SUSPICIOUS WEAPON


GOT MIN' NOW EXPLAIN YOURSELF, MISTER -- AND TALK FAST

A DUMMY -- WHAT'S THIS ?


STOP -- BACK -- EH -- NO -- SEE BY -- NEAR -- BETTER GET BACK -- AND QUICK -- AS DO WE WESTON
A QUICK PARALYZER IS FOR WHOM ALL OUT BOOM!

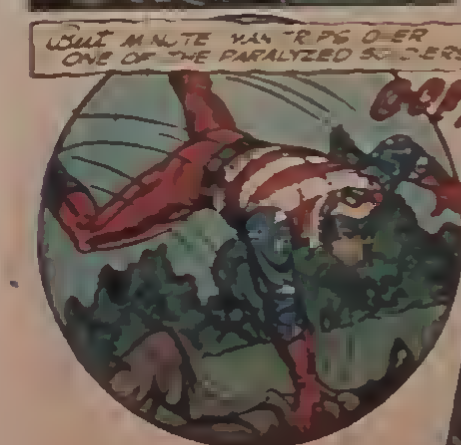
LATER... BACK AT THE HEIL HEADQUARTERS.
YAH YOUR PARALYSIS RAY IS A DILLER-KILLER
THAT NIGHT
WHAT GOES THERE? FRIEND OR FOE?
THE PARALYSYS RAY STIFFENS THE SENTRY
ULP!
MORE SOLDIERS COME ON THE RUN!
BUT THE RAY GUN STOPS THEM DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS
NEITHER CAN I!

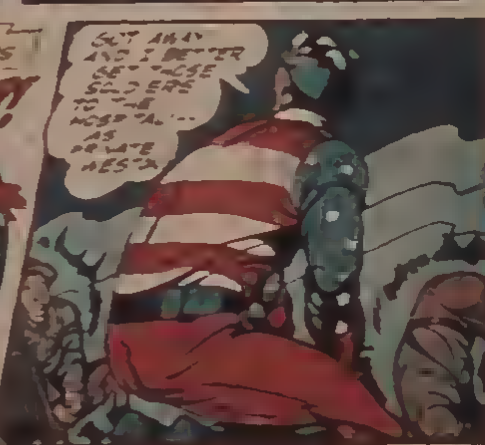
NOW! SHOW ME THAT MINUTE MAN FELLOW I PARALYZE HIM
DID SOMEONE CALL FOR MINUTE MAN?
STUPIDS! STINK-BAUM FINISHES MINUTE MAN-- SO!!
A DUCKER, EH? SO THIS TIME—
THIS TIME I GIVE YOU GOOT!
MISSED AGAIN STINKY
HIMMEL! HOLD HIM FOR A MINUTE. I CATCH MY BREATH
HE SAID HOLD HIM!
JA! I HEARD HIM!
ACH! HE DON'T KNOW MINUTE MAN!

YOUR TURN NOW STINKBOMB!

THIS... PARALYZE YOU, PROFESSOR!

HE WON'T ESCAPE ME!


WHAT MINUTE MAN TRIPS OVER ONE OF THE PARALYZED SOLDIERS
OOF!


GET AWAY AND I BETTER GET THESE SOLDIERS TO THE HOSPITAL... AS PRIVATE WESTON

EXTRA
LEAVES
THE PROFESSOR PULLS ANOTHER ONE OUT OF HIS BAG!
NEXT DAY A CROWDED TRANSPORT
GAUT VERY SOON--DISASTER THREATENS
UNKNOWN CAUSE PULLING TRANSPORT ON ROCKS! SEND HELP!

VICTORY DRIVE!
MASTER COMICS!

WATCH OUT FOR

JUNGLE GIRL

NEW TWO-FISTED HEROINE OF THE

"PERILS of NYOKA"

HERE IS A TALE of treasure, of terror and turmoil, of secret valleys and sun worshippers, of battle on the burning sands for the greatest prize science ever sought! Come with us to the deserts of Arabia, where Arab raiders ride, where golden tablets are hidden, and where dwells...

NYOKA!

YOU'LL SEE HER IN THE MOVIES ... REPUBLIC'S SWEET SERIAL "PERILS OF NYOKA"

SEE HER NOW IN HER OWN COMICS MAGAZINE

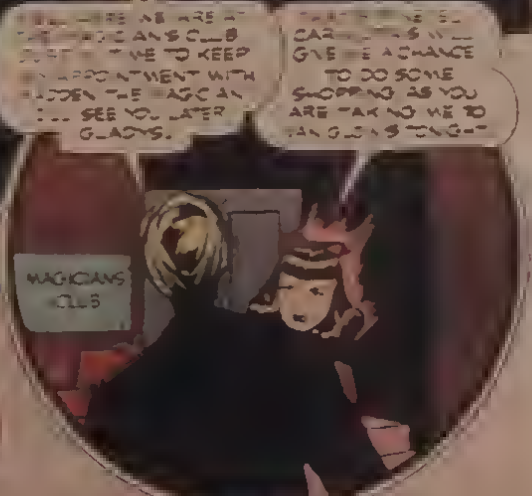
"JUNGLE GIRL of the PERILS of NYOKA"

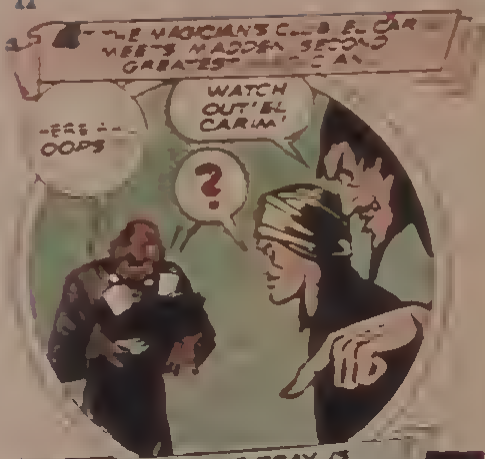
THE MAD ARTIST

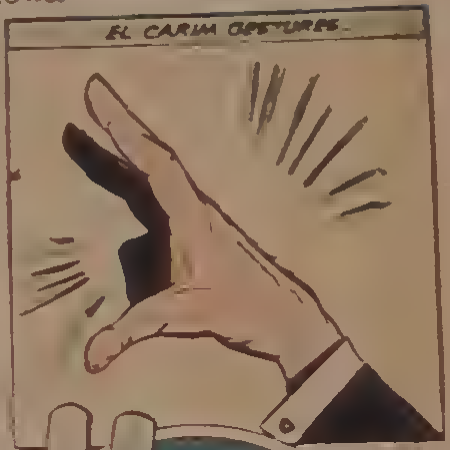
EL CARIM

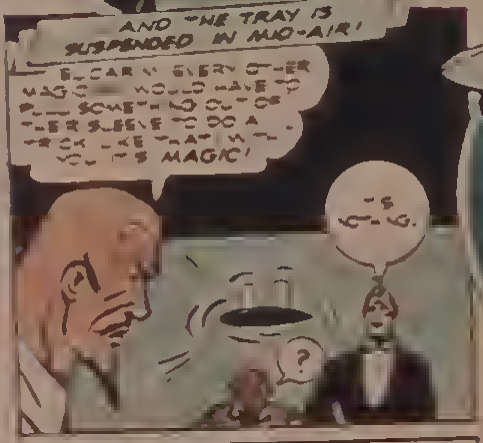
A DATE WITH MADDEN—THE MAD MAGICIAN!

also ON PAGE 53 TRICKS! Try

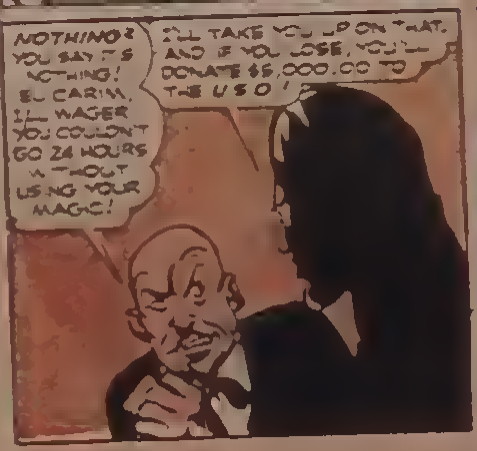


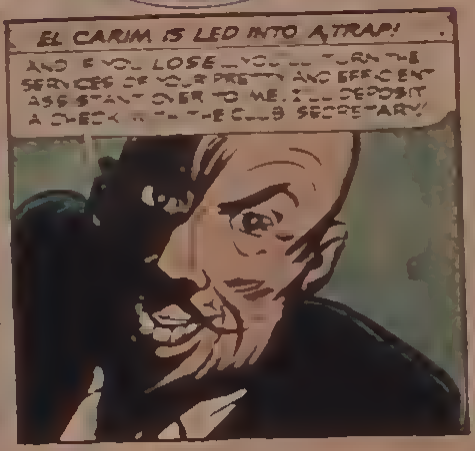

THE MAGICIAN'S CLUB EL CARIM MEETS MADDEN, SECOND GREATEST MAGICIAN
WATCH OUT! EL CARIM!
OOPS
?


EL CARIM GESTURES.


AND THE TRAY IS SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR!
EL CARIM, EVERY OTHER MAGICIAN WOULD HAVE TO PULL SOMETHING OUT OF THEIR SLEEVE TO DO A TRICK LIKE THAT WITH YOUR MAGIC!
IS IT?
?

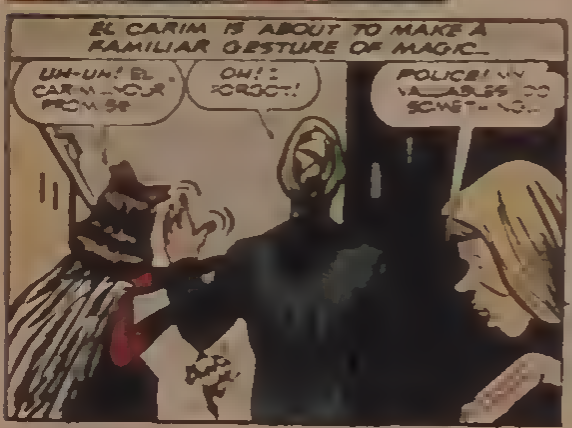
EL CARIM YOU'RE THE GREATEST MAGICIAN IN THE WORLD


NOTHING? YOU SAY IT'S NOTHING! EL CARIM, I'LL WAGER YOU COULDN'T GO 24 HOURS WITHOUT USING YOUR MAGIC!
I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT. AND IF YOU LOSE, YOU'LL DONATE $5,000.00 TO THE USO!

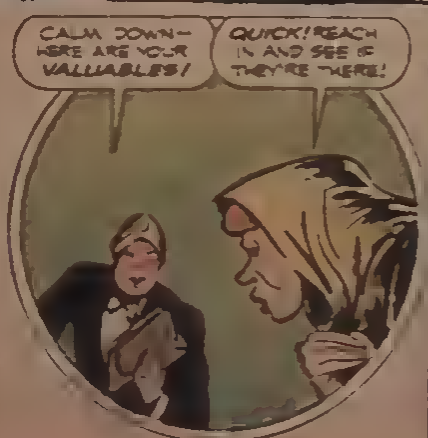

EL CARIM IS LED INTO A TRAP!
AND IF YOU LOSE, YOU'LL TURN THE SERVICES OF YOUR PRETTY AND EFFICIENT ASSISTANT OVER TO ME. YOU'LL DEPOSIT A CHECK WITH THE CLUB SECRETARY!

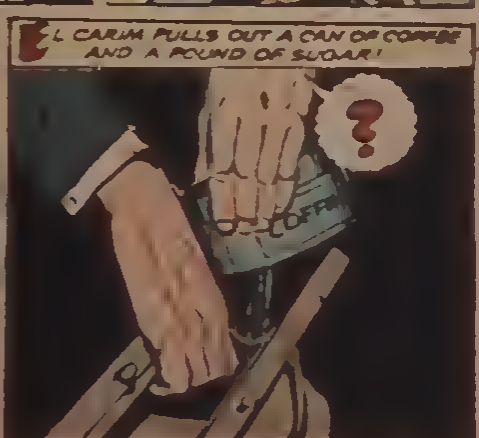
LATER, EL CARIM EXPLAINS TO GLADYS ON THEIR WAY TO VAN GLOWER...
---AND I LOSE YOU, IF I LOSE MY MAGIC!
HUM...AND THEY CALL HIM THE MAD MAGICIAN!

ACROSS THE STREET... A PURSE-SNATCHER SEES BABY PICKINGS.
LET'S HAND IT LADY!
HELP! MY VALUABLES!


EL CARIM IS ABOUT TO MAKE A FAMILIAR GESTURE OF MAGIC...
UH-UH! EL CARIM...YOUR PROMISE
OH! I FORGOT!
POLICE! MY VALUABLES...DO SOMETHING!

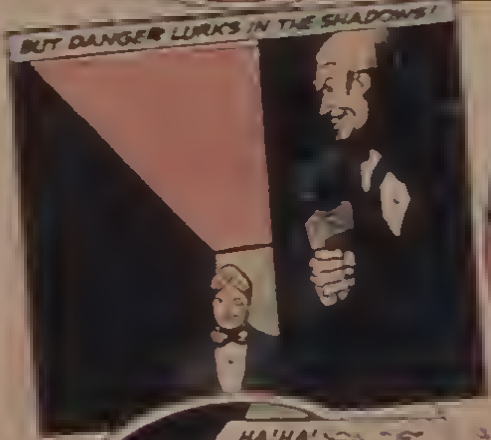
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
I CAN'T USE MAGIC...BUT I CAN RUN AND STICK A MAGIC PUNCH.
SMASH
UG!


CALM DOWN—HERE ARE YOUR VALUABLES!
QUICK! REACH IN AND SEE IF THEY'RE THERE!

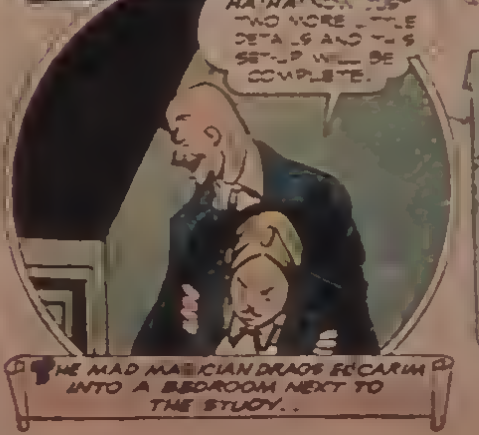

EL CARIM PULLS OUT A CAN OF COFFEE AND A POUND OF SUGAR!
?

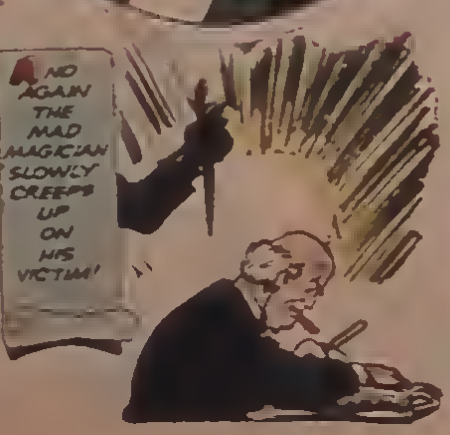
MEANWHILE
HA! HA! HE
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT A MERE CAN OF COFFEE CAN END EL CARIM'S CAREER?
AHH! EL CARIM! I'LL BE THE GREATEST MAGICIAN!
AT THE PARTY...
A NEW RARE STAMP
OUCH!
NO!

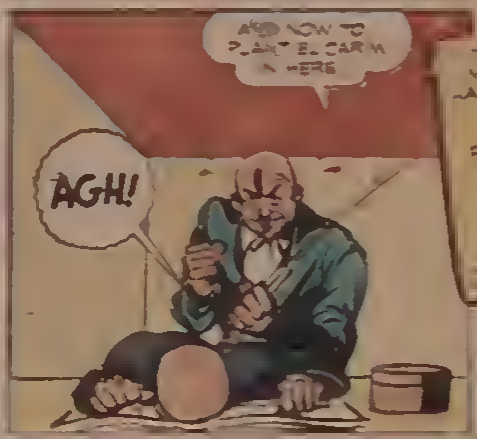
LATER...
YES MR VAN SLOAN

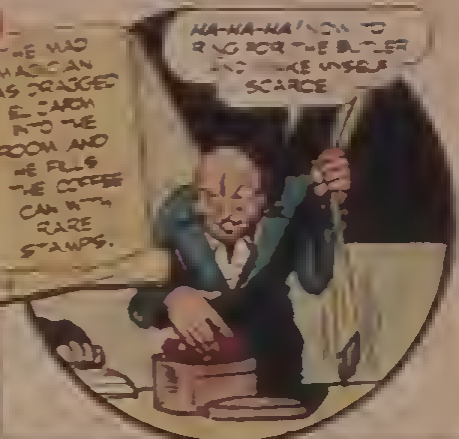

BUT DANGER LURKS IN THE SHADOWS!

OH HHH


HA HA! NOW JUST TWO MORE LITTLE DETAILS AND THIS SETUP WILL BE COMPLETE.
THE MAD MAGICIAN DRAGS EDCARIM INTO A BEDROOM NEXT TO THE STUDY..


AND AGAIN THE MAD MAGICIAN SLOWLY CREEPS UP ON HIS VICTIM!

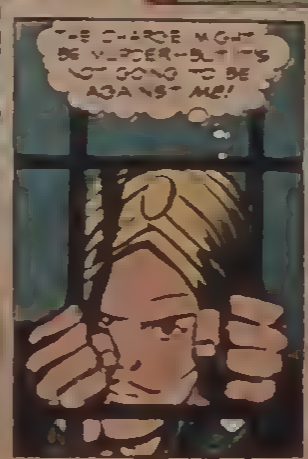

AND NOW TO PLANT EL CARIM HERE
AGH!

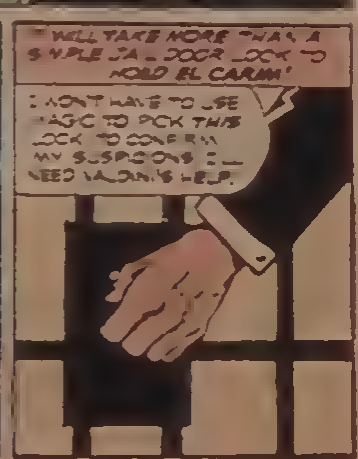

THE MAD MAGICIAN HAS DRAGGED EL CARIM INTO THE ROOM AND HE FILLS THE COFFEE CAN WITH RARE STAMPS.
HA-HA-HA! NOW TO RING FOR THE BUTLER AND MAKE MYSELF SCARCE

EL CARIM IS DISCOVERED WITH THE MURDERED MAN!
HELP! MURDER!! POLICE!!!

THE MAD MAGICIAN'S WEB IS SPUN...
EL CARIM! WHAT HAPPENED?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE! ALL I KNOW IS THAT I HAVE A LUMP ON MY HEAD!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST... AND THE CHARGE IS MURDER! YOUR PRINTS ARE ON THIS CAN THAT VAN GLOW KEPT HIS RARE STAMPS IN.
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS EL CARIM IS VICTIM

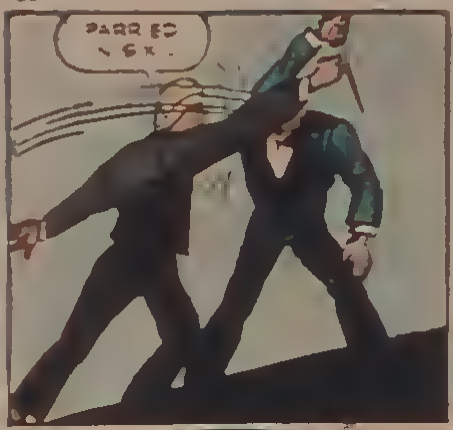

THE CHARGE MIGHT BE MURDER—BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO BE AGAINST ME!


IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A SIMPLE JAIL DOOR LOCK TO HOLD EL CARIM!
I DON'T HAVE TO USE MAGIC TO PICK THIS LOCK TO CONFIRM MY SUSPICIONS I'LL NEED VALDIN'S HELP.

NEXT MORNING AT THE PALACE THEATRE...
SURE I'LL DO IT
YOU WILL? VALDINI THAT'S SWELL!
SINCE YOU'RE THE GREATEST MAGICIAN IN THE WORLD I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK AT THE NEW ILLUSION
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER
HE'S ON HIS WAY HE FELL FOR THAT HOOEY ABOUT BEING THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN.
ARE YOU GOING TO HIDE IN THE WINGS?
YEP
I'M THE GREATEST MAGICIAN.
-Today-
VALDINI
BALBO
FATHER and SON
Masterpieces
Magic!
LOOK DAD A NEW COIN VANISH... HOCUS-POCUS...
...AND IT'S GONE!
IS THAT THE COIN TRICK WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO SEE?
OH HELLO, MADDEN. NO INDEED... THIS SWORD BOX... MY LATEST INVENTION.

THEN BALBO LOWERS THE SWORD-FRAME...
...AND THE TIPS OF THE SWORDS ENTER THE BOX. THEY TOUCH THE PERSON'S BODY
SO! NOW I'VE GOT YOU
!
...DON'T! THE GIMMICK ISN'T IN PLACE. MADDEN WILL BE KILLED!
FINE MADDEN-- DO YOU TALK OR DIE?
...DON'T! THE SWORDS ARE STICKING INTO ME.
THE POLICE WANT ME FOR ONE MURDER. EITHER YOU CLEAR ME OR THEY'LL WANT ME FOR TWO!
OH! HELP! HELP!!

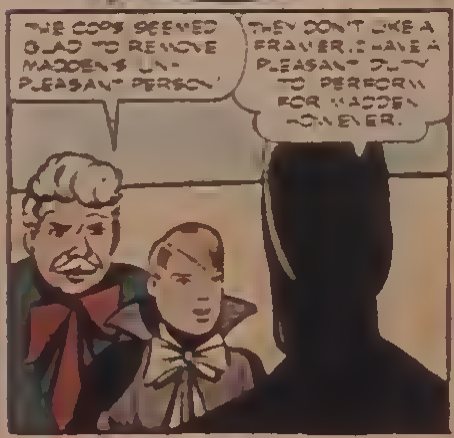
I'LL TALK! THE SWORDS. THE HURT UHHH
YOU POSED AS THE OLD LADY AND GOT MY FINGERPRINTS ON THAT COFFEE
THAT'S RIGHT! THEN I PAINTED THE CAN RED ALL EXCEPT THE TOP SHINY PART WHERE YOUR FINGER PRINTS WERE PLANTED... THEN I FILLED AN GLOW AND FILLED THE CAN WITH STAMPS.
VALDINI, BALBO... YOU'RE HARNESSES TO HIS CONFESSION. HERE YOU ES...
DON'T!
CRASH
HA! HA! YOU CERTAINLY CONVINCED MADDEN THAT THE TRICK WOULDN'T WORK, BALBO.
YOU BLUFFED ME!
VALDINI, SINCE YOU ASKED MY OPINION... THE TRICK IS GREAT. BUT JAS FOR YOU, EL CARIM...
...YOU DIE!

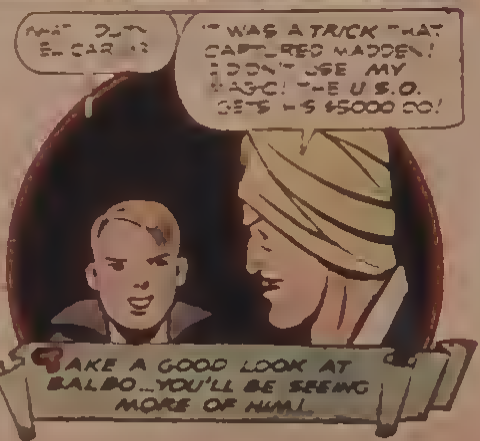

PARRIED
NISK.

I HOPE YOU'RE A BETTER WRESTLER THAN A FENCER. HUP!!

HE FLIES LIKE CAPTAIN MARVEL...

AND LANDS LIKE SIVANA!
AGHH!!


THE COPS SEEMED GLAD TO REMOVE MADDEN'S UNPLEASANT PERSON!
THEY DON'T LIKE A FRAMER. I HAVE A PLEASANT DUTY TO PERFORM FOR MADDEN HOWEVER.


IT WAS A TRICK THAT CAPTURED MADDEN! I DON'T USE MY MAGIC! THE U.S.O. GETS HIS $5000.00!
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT BALBO...YOU'LL BE SEEING MORE OF HIM!

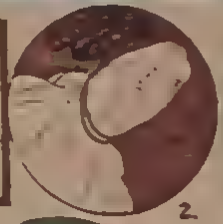
MAGIC BY BALBO

THE BOY MAGICIAN

YOU DON'T HAVE A STAGE AND ALL THE EQUIPMENT TO PERFORM VALDINI'S SWORD BOX BUT HERE'S HOW YOU CAN GET THE SAME EFFECT ON A SMALL SCALE...

1.

YOU THROW A HANDKERCHIEF OVER YOUR THUMB... FASTEN IT IN PLACE WITH A RUBBER BAND

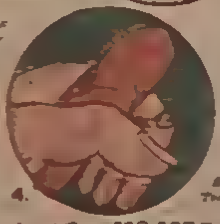


2.

3.

NOW YOU CAN SHOVE PINS THROUGH YOUR THUMB IN EVERY DIRECTION JUST AS THE SWORDS PENETRATED THE MAD MAGICIAN WITHOUT HURTING HIM!

PIECE OF CARROT



4.

BENT THUMB

ALL YOU NEED FOR THIS SURPRISING ILLUSION IS A PIECE OF CARROT CUT TO THE SHAPE OF THE TOP JOINT OF YOUR THUMB!

THIS IS CONCEALED IN THE HANKY WHEN YOU COVER YOUR THUMB. BEFORE THE TOP JOINT DOWN THE CARROT TAKES THE PLACE OF THE TOP OF YOUR [illegible] ONE SPECTATOR FORCES ONE OF THE PINS THROUGH YOUR [illegible] THE CARROT FEELS JUST LIKE REAL [illegible] OF THE EVIDENCE, REMOVE THE PIN AND RUBBER BAND AND [illegible] YOUR THUMB WHILE YOU WIPE YOUR FACE WITH THE HANKY FOR THE PIECE OF CARROT INTO YOUR MOUTH AND [illegible] FOR [illegible] AT THE FIRST UNOBSERVED OPPORTUNITY CHEW AND SWALLOW THE PIECE OF CARROT!

BALBO'S VANISHING COIN

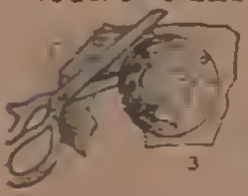
HERE'S THE WAY BALBO MADE THE COIN DISAPPEAR... TAKE A PIECE OF TIN FOIL AND LAY IT OVER A QUARTER...

2. COIN

WITH A PENCIL POINT SCRIBBLE ALL OVER THE TIN FOIL WHICH IS ON TOP OF THE COIN... YOU GET A PERFECT IMPRESSION OF THE COIN!

2.

YOU NOW CUT THE TIN FOIL INTO A CIRCLE...



3

HOLD THE TIN FOIL COIN UP THE WAY BALBO DID BETWEEN THUMB AND FOREFINGER... IT LOOKS LIKE A REAL COIN!

FAKE COIN

4.

SO VANISH IT... SIMPLY CRUMPLE IT INTO A TINY BALL... YOU CAN DROP THIS UNNOTICED TO THE FLOOR. YOUR FRIENDS WILL THINK YOU ARE A REAL MAGICIAN!

5.

BE SURE TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF MASTER Comics... YOU'LL HAVE A BIG SURPRISE AWAITING YOU.... SO GLANCE BACKWARD AND TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUNG BALBO... YOU'LL BE SEEING HIM SOON!

CHUBBY
THERE'S A DOG IN THIS YARD WITH AN AWFUL APPETITE!
THINK HE'S HAD HIS DINNER YET?
AND WHY MUST THEY HAVE THE BIGGEST DOG IN THE YARD THAT HAS THE LARGEST APPLES?
I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL. YOUR STOMACH SAYS YES BUT THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS SAYS NO!
DRAT THIS BARBED WIRED FENCE!
HEY! WHERE YOU GOING?
I'M FOLLOWING MY STOMACH
AREN'T THESE APPLES PEACHES?
THEY LOOK LIKE PINEAPPLES TO ME
YOU AND YOUR JOKES
OUCH!
YOU WOULD!
LOOKS LIKE WE OVERLOOKED A VERY IMPORTANT ITEM, LIKE A BASKET. I SEE A VERY GOOD SUBSTITUTE HOWEVER!

WE JUST TIE YOUR PANTS LEGS SO THE APPLES WON'T DROP OUT
ALMOST FILLED TO CAPACITY
THE DOG!
I'VE GOT MY SHARE CHUM, I'M LEAVING YOU'RE STUCK HAR! HAR! AND TSK TSK!
YOU CAD I CAN'T MOVE WITH ALL THESE APPLES IN MY PANTS HELP
YUM YUM
WELL? DON'T YOU LIKE APPLES?
SLONG POOOH NOW TO FIND CHUBBY AND HIS SHARE OF APPLES!
BOW WOW-R-R
MEANING HE'S TOO TOUGH!
AND SO!
YOU'RE REALLY STUCK!
I ALWAYS GET IT IN THE END!

Escaping from the Japs who smashed their floating carnival on Lusco Island are: —HOODOO HANNIGAN, showman extraordinary and bad luck's favorite son; lovely DAWN WADE, trick rider; ATLAS JONES, circus strong man; and CHEE-CHEE, the monkey! Their hope of escaping in a stolen motor barge seems doomed when a pursuing Jap destroyer launches a fighter plane . . .

Chapter IV
MURDER WITH WINGS

NO MORE SHELLS reached out for the drumming barge. Hoodoo set the rudder straight and looked back toward the sleek destroyer. In the curve of his arm, Dawn Wade sat in quiet resignation, stroking Chee-Chee's quivering body. Atlas Jones hunched on a cross seat, snarling deep in his throat, huge hands, that could rend a telephone book, opening and closing in helpless rage.

"One hour," Hoodoo said bitterly, eyeing the dropping ball of the sun. "One lousy little hour and it would be dark enough for us to make a getaway."

"I don't get it," Atlas rumbled plaintively. "The whole Jap navy going out of its way to bomb a little worthless island, smash our circus and kill us. What did we ever do to 'em?"

Hoodoo's eyes swept the endless line of smoke dots on the far horizon, a vast threads of warships and transports streaming south.

"That's an invasion fleet," he said grimly. "They've smashed at Pearl Harbor and Wake and Midway and Guam. Now they're heading south for more treachery—and they can't afford an audience. Besides, we've managed to remove a few of those devils from circulation in the past few hours and I don't think they like it."

On the pursuing destroyer, Hoodoo's slitted eyes caught a flurry of activity. Figures were darting back from the small, stubby-winged Zero fighter, poised like an ugly dragon fly on its catapult. The destroyer was losing headway, swinging into the wind. The Zero's prop turned lazily, then

vanished in a silver blur. Above the coughing thunder of its motor, they heard a twang like a plucked harp string. The Zero snapped forward along the catapult's rails, dipped off almost to the water, then began to climb.

"Here we go," Hoodoo said tightly. "We'll be cold meat for his guns. Anybody rather go overside than stay here?"

Atlas Jones said: "Not me, brother.—Not with *them* things."

He pointed to where the sharp triangular fin of a shark curved swiftly a hundred yards away. Hoodoo could feel the involuntary shivee that moved Dawn's shoulders.

"Compared to the Japs," he said through set teeth, "a shark is a gentleman."

The Zero circled the destroyer, dipped, then headed toward the drumming boat. There was something almost gleeful to the harsh clamor of its engine—as though the plane, like its pilot, was tuned to slaughter and eager for its destiny. Dawn Wade spoke suddenly, softly.

"Remember a few short hours ago? It seems months, but it was only hours. The Japs slaughtered those helpless, harmless natives. They bombed our boat. They killed my pony . . ." her voice caught for a moment and then went bravely on. "They murdered my Dad. We swore then we'd hit back, make them pay for everything as long as one of us could draw a breath."

HANNIGAN'S FACE was a taut bronze mask, his eyes cold agates following the leisurely cat-and-mouse circling of the Zero.

"We're stuck on this barge," he reminded her. "Our top speed is perhaps sixteen miles an hour. The Zero can dive above four hundred. We have a twenty-five caliber machine gun that couldn't even dent his steel prop—if we could hit him. He has six or eight thirty- or fifty-caliber guns that can pierce armor. We are, at the moment, what might be considered awful insurance risks."

"We have one weapon they lack," Dawn whispered softly. "Faith—in our cause—in our country. This isn't a little private fight, you know. We're only a tiny fragment of a war—America's war. I'd hate to think the great Hoodoo Hannigan had run out of tricks."

Whatever Hannigan might have answered was buried forever in a sudden swirl of activity. The Zero circling back from a scouting sweep, tipped off on one slim wing and came down, the thunder of its motor rising in a crescendo scream of power.

"Down!" Hannigan roared. "Roll tight against the gunwales. They're armored against anything but a direct vertical shot."

"What about you?" Atlas Jones growled.

"I'm staying at the wheel," Hannigan barked, eyes on the growing Zero. "This pit is armored, too, and I'm going to try some plain and fancy dodging in a minute. The great Hoodoo Hannigan, as Dawn put it, is beginning to perk again."

"You've got a way out?" Dawn asked breathlessly.

"A million-to-one shot," Hannigan husked. "There's a cloud bank coming up in the west. It may shove the darkness ahead half an hour. Meanwhile . . ."

He broke off. The snarling Zero was rocketing down. Now red flames danced along the edge of the wings and little geysers of water made a swath across the swell of their wake.

"Down!" Hannigan barked again and his knuckles turned white on the wheel. "Brace yourselves and pray."

The stabbing fountains of death swept on, closer—closer. At the last possible moment, Hannigan swung the wheel and the barge fell away to the left. The pilot of the Zero made a frenzy, futile effort to compensate but he was too low and coming too fast. The hail of steel jacketed murder drummed noisily across the bow of the barge and then vanished as the plane roared into a zooming climb, going back upstairs for another dive.

"I tipped our hand that time," Hannigan said tensely. "He thought we were cold meat until I swerved. Next time he'll be ready for a change. But he'll find out the difference in speeds and the ways he has of reaching us aren't all in his favor."

THE ZERO circled tightly, then came back, dropping as it came. Hannigan's lips pulled back. This was no reckless, all-out dive but a cautious, flat attack. The Zero was roaring back, a scant hundred feet above the heaving swells, guns yammering a promise of doom.

Hannigan swung the barge, pointing the high armored bow at the plane and hunched down. There was a crescendo roar, a crackling smash and the shadow of black wings whipping by. Down the center of the barge, splinters were still flying from the row of shattered seats where converging slugs had plowed the frail wood. There were little fountains of water where some of the slugs had penetrated the keel boards of the barge.

"Any hits?" Hannigan barked, mopping at a streak of blood along his cheek where splinters had grazed him.

Dawn's voice said cheerfully: "I always heard the Japs

were awful shots. Now I'm not so sure."

Atlas Jones answered with a great roar of rage. "The dirty, low-down son-and-son. Of all the sneaking, lousy . . ."

"Are you hit?" Hannigan roared sharply, his eyes cold.

"No," Atlas thundered furiously. "But one of those slugs cut the knot that holds my leopard skin on. It ain't enough that I get chased out without my pants. Now even my leopard skin is a casualty."

Hannigan fought down a rumble of laughter. "Shut your eyes, Dawn, and give Tarzan a pin."

The Zero had turned and was roaring back. Hannigan shifted to look back and bit off a grunt of pain. For the first time, he saw that his left sleeve was slit and reddening. A machine gun slug had touched it—not deeply enough to make it useless. Hoodoo turned so that the wound was invisible to Dawn or Atlas and crouched over the wheel.

The Zero's guns was crackling, slugs screaming into and over the tail-on barge when Hannigan slammed the propellor gear into reverse. There was a jolting, threshing thud as the reversed screw stopped the forward speed, pitching Hannigan off his perch.

He lay on the floor through the momentary smashing roar as the fighter swept over its prey. The sudden heling and side-swing of the barge had registered a clean miss for the guns. It was a score for the fugitives in the merry game of death but there could be only one eventual result.

"Nice," Atlas grunted from his niche, "but it can't last. That monkey-face is getting sore."

Hannigan crawled back to his seat, watched the screaming Zero bank around with one wing-tip almost in the sea. He was plenty sore . . . that was obvious. Hannigan glanced back. The destroyer, idling behind to watch what looked like an easy kill for their plane, was pouring on draught. A high, white bone marked the knife-edged prow, symbol of racing speed as it bore down on the tiny, helpless, stubborn barge. Hoodoo could see the Japs clustered at the rail, machine guns ready. He could see other Japs swinging the swivel guns at the bow.

HE LOOKED back at the Zero. The plane was, strangely enough, no longer sweeping down across the wave tops with its guns vainsuring their song of death. Instead it was climbing, swinging in a wide, rising sweep . . .

And along the sleek belly of the fighter, Hannigan's cold eyes could make out a dark slit that widened perceptibly.

"What's happening to it?" Dawn asked, peering over the sill.

"Opening a bomb bay," Hannigan growled flatly. "I've heard some of the Zeros carry a load of internal fragmentation bombs—light ones in the ten and twenty-pound class. He's through playing. A stick of those, landing anywhere near us, will put an end to this game once and for all. He'll climb up above the danger height from the bomb blasts and come back laying eggs."

Atlas Jones looked up at the wheeling Zero, then across to the knifing destroyer. At last he stared regretfully down at his powerful hands—hands that could bend iron bars into knots, hands that could do so much devastation if they could only reach Jap jaws and Jap throats.

"Well," he said, pursing his lips. "It was fun while it lasted."

Hannigan was watching the reddening ball of the setting sun creep down toward the black wall of clouds across the horizon. So near . . .

"Fifteen minutes," he growled. "In fifteen minutes the sun will drop into those clouds and we'll start getting some darkness."

"We'll get our darkness," Atlas Jones said, "in a lot less than fifteen minutes, chum."

Hannigan sighed and swung the wheel. "I said we had a million-to-one chance of getting clear. And now's the time to try it." He nodded toward Atlas and Dawn. "Lay out the hand grenades we lifted from those Japs and any others you find in the lockers. Load and lay out all the guns. Then bunch down there under the armored walls and get set for trouble."

"What—what are you going to do?" Dawn asked sharply, her eyes on Hannigan's grim face.

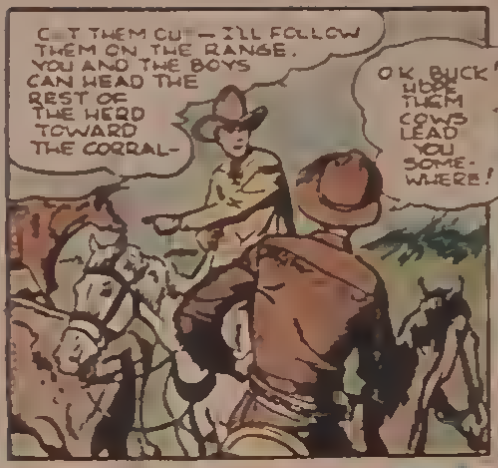
"I'm going to the one place on this whole cockeyed ocean where that Jap Zero can't either bomb us or blast us. Kiddies, we are about to pay a visit to a Jap destroyer commander. Hang onto your hats and watch the lights."

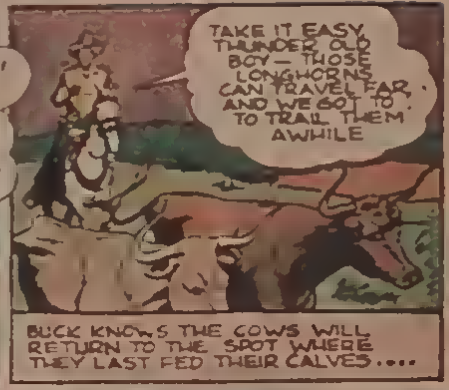
With a grim chuckle he spun the wheel. Obediently the barge keeled around, straightened and headed straight toward the ominous, onrushing destroyer.

What is Hoodoo Hannigan's one-in-a-million plan? Surrender? A mad attack on a Jap destroyer? Or has he some real hope of escape?? Don't miss the next stirring installment of

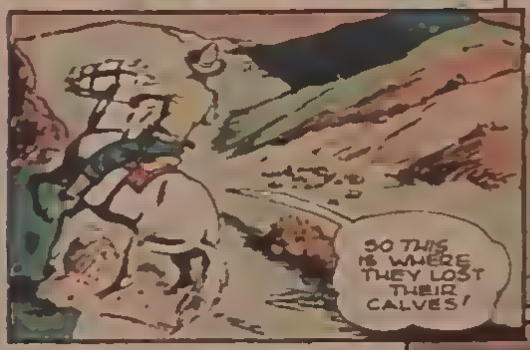
HOODOO HANNIGAN

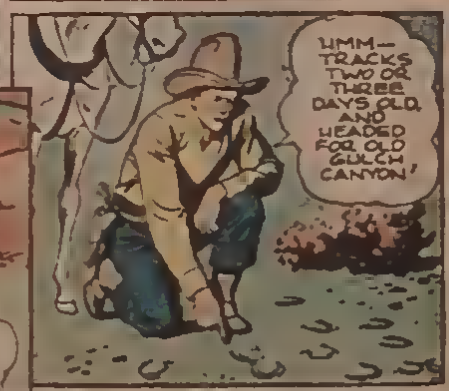
Buck Jones
FRONTIER MARSHAL

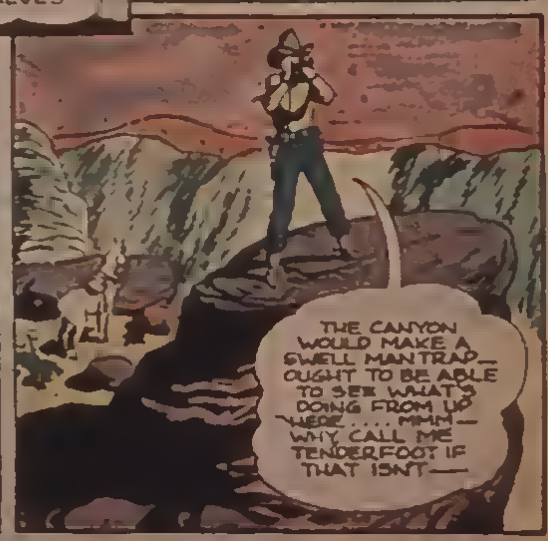


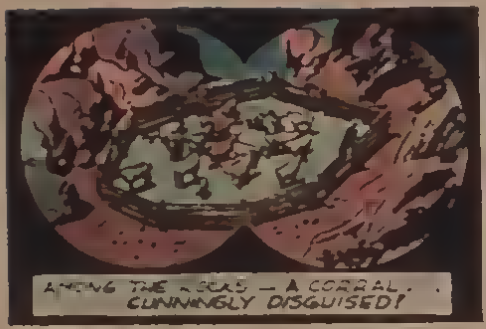


BUCK KNOWS THE COWS WILL RETURN TO THE SPOT WHERE THEY LAST FED THEIR CALVES....



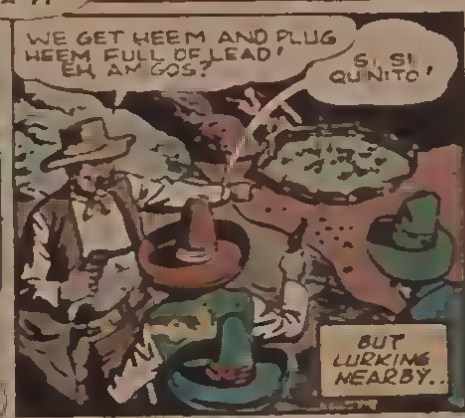





AMONG THE ROCKS — A CORRAL, CUNNINGLY DISGUISED!

I HANKER FOR A LOOK AT THOSE BRANDS.

UH HUH! RUTH VINCER'S V BRAND MADE INTO A Y!


WE GET HEEM AND PLUG HEEM FULL OF LEAD! EH, AMIGOS?
SI, SI QUINITO!
BUT LURKING NEARBY..

PUT UP ZE HANDS! YOU NO CAN SEE WHAT AINT YOUR BEEZNESS.
I WAS JUST LOOKING AT YOUR BRAND MARK. YOUR FACE IS KIND OF NEW AROUND HERE, ISN'T IT?

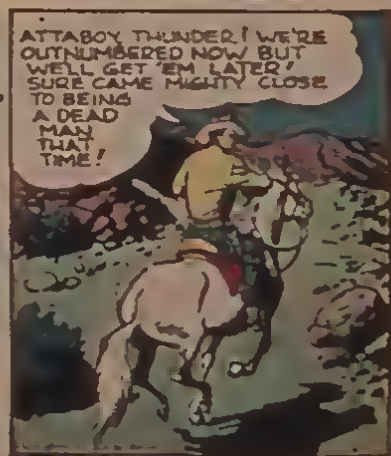
HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE, HOMBRE!

TOO BAD WE WERE NEVER INTRODUCED POLITE LIKE!
SMACKO!

NEVER PLAY WITH GUNS, BOYS! THEY MIGHT GO OFF AND HURT SOMEBODY.

YOW! I GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE PRONTO COME ON, THUNDER!

SURE HOPE I FORK THAT SADDLE SQUARE!


ATTABOY THUNDER! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED NOW BUT WE'LL GET 'EM LATER! SURE CAME MIGHTY CLOSE TO BEING A DEAD MAN THAT TIME!

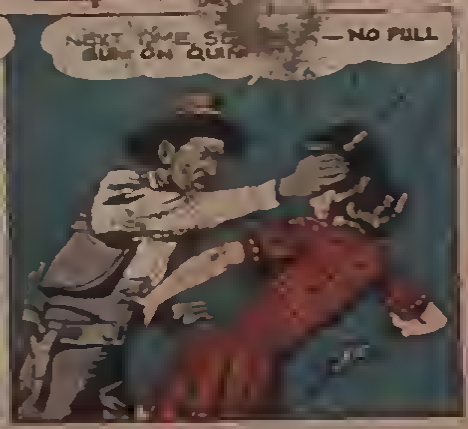
HI COWBOYS! ROPE YOUR HORSES AND GET MOVIN'!
BUCK RETURNS TO BETH VINCER'S RANCH HOUSE ...

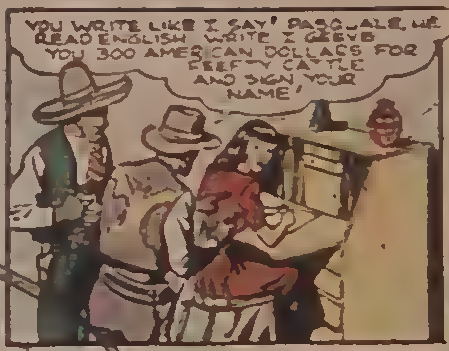
WHAT'S UP, BUCK?
SADDLE YOUR NAGS, BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO ROUND UP A BAND OF RUSTLERS ON DEVIL'S MOUNTAIN!

REMEMBER WHERE WE LEFT THOSE BAWLING COWS? GO GET THEM AND HEAD THEM UP THE CANYON!
DOGGONE! WHY DO I HAF TO MISS ALL THE FUN?

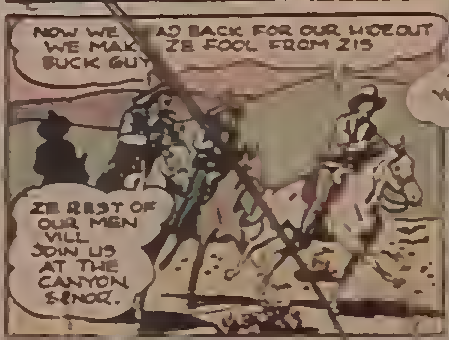
O.K. AMIGOS — DE COAST EES CLEAR. WE GO IN AM PAY DE SENORITA A VEES PEPE, YOU KEEP A LO OUT— ME AND PASQUALE G SIDE.
BUT MEANWHILE QU STEALS UP TO BETH ME .....

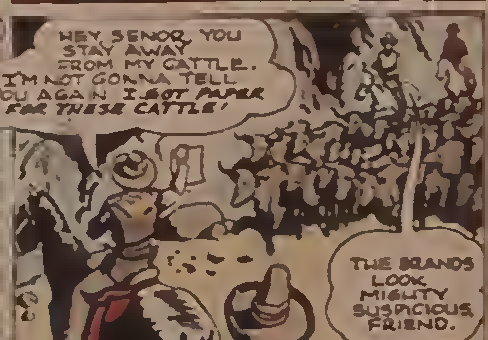
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN?
YOU MAKE ZE MISTAKE. WE COME ONLY TO ASK FOR WATER.

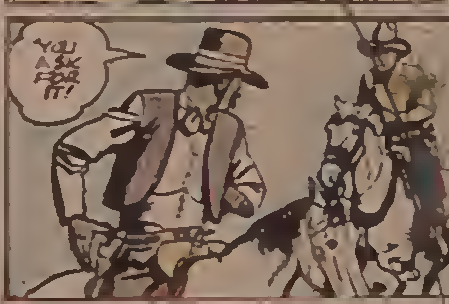

NEXT TIME, SE — NO PULL GUN ON QUI


YOU WRITE LIKE I SAY! PASQUALE, HE READ ENGLISH. WRITE I GEEVE YOU 300 AMERICAN DOLLARS FOR FEEFTY CATTLE AND SIGN YOUR NAME!

THEY'LL GET YOU FOR THIS! YOU'RE NO- AS SMART AS YOU THINK. NOT BY A LONG SHOT!
NEVER MIND, QUINITO NO WORRY QUINITO PLENTY SMART!

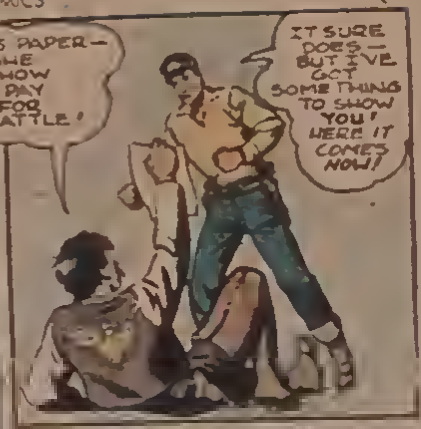

NOW WE AD BACK FOR OUR HIDEOUT WE MAK ZE FOOL FROM ZIS BUCK GUY
ZE REST OF OUR MEN VILL JOIN US AT THE CANYON SENOR.

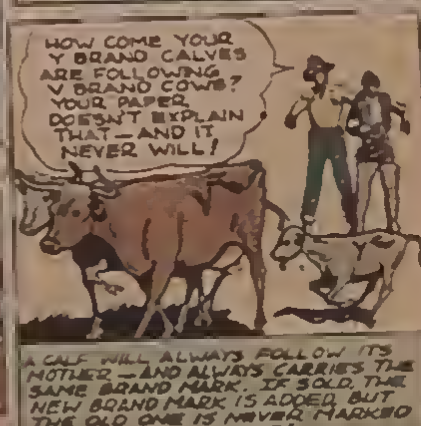

HEY SENOR, YOU STAY AWAY FROM MY CATTLE. I'M NOT GONNA TELL YOU AGAIN. I GOT PAPER FOR THESE CATTLE!
THE BRANDS LOOK MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS, FRIEND.
AT OLD GULCH CANYON.

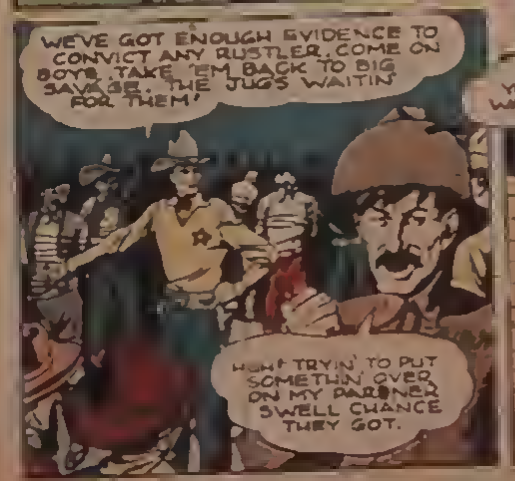

YOU ASK FOR IT!

GETTING TOUGH, EH?

EAT THAT!







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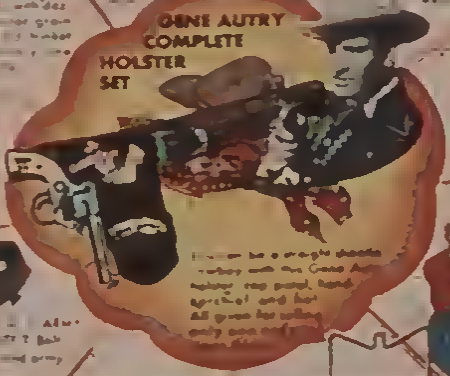

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